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SONGS, DUETTS, and CHORUSSES,

IN THE

BIRTH DAY;

OR,

The *Prince* of *Arrogan*.

A NEW DRAMATICK PIECE,

NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

The OVERTURE by Dr. ARNOLD.

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JUL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Arragon, - - Mr. PALMER.

Don Leopold, - - - - Mr. WILSON.

Don Frederick, - - - Mr. WILLIAMSON.

Seraphina, - - - - - Mrs. BANNISTER.

Florina, - - - - - - Miss GEORGE.

SONGS, &c.

IN

The BIRTH DAY.

ACT I.

AIR.——*Don Leopold.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

THE Court is a fountain of honor and fame,
And ſweet are the waters that flow;
Yet ſay if our throats, or this water's to blame,
As we drink, the more thirſty we grow?
Yet the Court to be ſure is a fine place,
A gay, a polite, a divine place.

I am

I am the man can tell you how.
If there you'd wish to rise,
With your every ſtep a bow!
On your tongue a thouſand lies;
Submiſſive be your ſtile!
A great man's frown's a rod,
A penſion in his ſmile,
A ribbon in his nod:
Strict care and cloſe economy,
Firſt make a mighty brag on,
But ſet to guard the golden tree,
Then gobble like a dragon!

AIR.——*Florina.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

Your wiſe men all declare
Of the thing ſo ſtrange and rare,
The beautiful ſublime in great nature's law,
A woman bears the belle;
And why they cannot tell;
'Tis the myſtical charms of the *Je ne ſçai quoi.*

The

II.

The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear cauſe of many a flame,
Each ſmart ſwears he ne'er ſuch a beauty ſaw.
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No; the myſtical charms of the *Je ne ſçai quoi.*

III.

Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her ſtockings green, and her hat of ſtraw.
Is love in dimple fleek,
Or the roſes of her cheek?
No; the myſtical charms of the *Je ne ſçai quoi.*

AIR.——*Seraphina.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

Sweeteſt paſſion of the mind,
Generous, noble, unconfin'd,
Sovereign love that ſways the ſoul,
Love is fate above controul.
Pureſt ſource of honor, truth,
Kind director of our youth,
This her precept—virtue prize!
That exalts you to the ſkies;
Emulate the bleſs'd above,
To be worthy what you love!

AIR.

AIR.——*Seraphina.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

My dawn of life, how bright, how gay!
Blythe zephyrs play'd around:
Sweet Flora, Goddeſs of the May,
Came ſmiling on to cheer the day,
With roſeate chaplets crown'd.

Tho' morn and noon new joys beſtow,
While peace and love attend;
The ſmiling landſcape changes now,
And fate alone can tell me how,
The doubtful night muſt end.

DUETTO.—*Seraphina* and *Florina.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

SERAPHINA.

Sweet content can banish ſtrife,
Smooth the rugged path of life,
Bleſs with joys the Sylvan ſcene,
Tranquil, happy, and ſerene!

FLORINA.

Youthful, ſprightly, blooming Hope,
Cries, Florina, ceaſe to mope!
Quit the lifeleſs grove and field,
Courts alone can pleaſures yield!

SERAPHINA.

Peaceful joys!

FLORINA.

Rattling noiſe!

SERAPHINA.

Morning bright!

FLORINA.

Up all night!

SERA.

SERAPHINA.

Waterfalls!

FLORINA.

Routs and Balls!

SERAPHINA.

Shepherds lutes!

FLORINA.

Fiddles and flutes!

SERAPHINA.

Give me, love, and nothing's wanting!

FLORINA.

Give me love and ſome gallanting!

TOGETHER.

Seraph. Thoſe are the joys of the Sylvan ſcene.
Flor. Thoſe are the joys of the courtly ſcene.

ACT II.

AIR.——*Florina.*

PICCINI.

QUICK for a ſmile implore me,
Your Goddeſs ſue;
How odd to view,
Such charms, and not adore me!
Tho' girls may boaſt more merit,
You'll ne'er hit on
A pretty one
Of more vivacity and ſpirit.
I'll rattle, I'll prattle,
I'll prattle, I'll rattle
Ye creatures!
The toy for your money,
My word ſweet as honey,
So roguiſh and funny
My features!

Gay bloom of opening roſes,
And thouſand fragrant poſies,
Sly winking and blinking,
As leering, and jeering,
So arch all!
For truſt me when love's drum
Beats come, come, come!
Hearts thumping,
Briſk, jumping,
Age pacing,
Youth racing,
Some hopping,
None ſtopping,
Ye march all!

AIR.

AIR.—*Don Leopold.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

When firſt an Arragonian maid
Is brought to Saragoſſa,
Of all ſhe ſees, and hears afraid,
Her air is coarſe and groſs—a;
Stiff, formal, ſtarch, reſerv'd, and coy,
She ſeems a very prude—a;
And while the courtier tempts to joy,
Cries, "fie! you ſhan't be rude—a!"

II.

But ſoon as caſt in faſhion's mould,
She's made a dame of honor;
Politely frank, genteelly bold,
No ſhyneſs reſts upon her:
She paints, coquettes, and flirts her fan;
For now (the caſe revers'd, Sir,)
She's grown a match for ev'ry man,
And cries, "Pray do your worſt, Sir!"

AIR—*Seraphina.*

PICCINI.

Ah, fond lover, ſooth thy anguiſh,
Ceaſe to grieve, ah ceaſe to languiſh!
Since with your's I'll never part,
Keep and treaſure up my heart;
Royal youth, ah ceaſe to woo me!
Why with hopeleſs love purſue me?
Succeſs thy wiſhes crowning,
Each tender vow diſowning,
Tyrant faſhion love dethroning,
True to Frederick I'll prove,
And reward his faithful love.

FINALE.

Don Leopold, Seraphina, and *Florina.*

Dr. ARNOLD.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail happy people, now rejoice!
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice!
And ſwell the choral lay:
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born!
Then hail the fair auſpicious morn!
And bleſs his natal day!

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Our blooming hope, our infant roſe,
In all its promis'd glory blows,
Our joy, our pride confeſs'd.

GRAND CHORUS.

Fame cries, &c. &c. &c.

Hail! gracious, royal, happy pair,
Hail, happy kingdom, Royal Heir,
Be ever, ever bleſs'd!

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail! happy people, &c. &c. &c.

THE END.

FINALE.

Dan Cupid, Seraphina, and Florina.

DR. ARNOLD.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail happy people, now rejoice!
Sweet viols tune, exalt your voice!
And swell the choral lay:
Fame cries, behold, a Prince is born!
Then hail the fair auspicious morn!
And bless his natal day!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Our blooming [illegible] infant rose,
In all its promis'd glory blows,
Our joy, our pride confess'd.

GRAND CHORUS.

Fame cries, &c. &c. &c.

Hail! precious, royal, happy pair,
Hail, happy kingdom, Royal Heir,
Be ever, ever bless'd!

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail! happy people, &c. &c. &c.

THE END.